

WOMAN AND FASHION

A Millinery Hint.

This stylish and serviceable hat of dark blue straw is prettily trimmed with white gardenias and foliage and



FLOWERS AND WHEAT.

wheat in natural color. The model is ideal for wear with tailored suits of serge or linen.

Stand Up Straight.

The semiprincess frocks so fashionable this season demand a good figure and carriage to sustain the long, graceful lines. As the tall, slender woman is prone to droop her shoulders she should train herself to stand well and gracefully, which means throwing out the chest forward and upward, flattening the back and holding the shoulder blades in their proper place. The weight of the body should fall upon the hips, and to gain this there must be a definite curving in of the small of the back. The woman who has been in the habit of resting on one hip or leaning against the nearest object to assist in her support will at first find it difficult to stand correctly, for the muscles have become weakened, but will power and patience will accomplish wonders, and the result will cause surprise and intense satisfaction in the improvement of the figure.

A Dolly Varden Hat.

In the trousseau of a bride there is a fetching little Dolly Varden hat having a crown of dotted buff tulle shirred into a mob shaped crown over a brim of yellow horsehair, and under the brim, which curls over the hair, is inserted one of the new Parisian ruffles, otherwise known as the Lawrence frill because it is seen in some of the portraits done by Sir Thomas Lawrence of the old time English beauties. The frill is of sprigged yellow net edged with a narrow border of yellow lace. A scarf of soft yellow ribbon sprayed with tiny dark red rosebuds is wound carelessly around the base of the crown, and one end is carried down over the front brim, the other at the back, and the ends meet and are tied in a loose bow without ends under the scooped left side above and back of the ear.

Costumes For Week Ends.

The girl who expects to run down to the shore for week ends during the summer is now busily figuring out what will be a practical tailor made. It is no easy problem to find a material that is light in weight, does not crease easily, yet will admit of the best lines. It is easy to say: "Oh, buy a ready made linen. Such a suit is cheap and saves trouble." That is true. But these suits lack individuality. The thousands upon thousands of summer girls who start off freshly starched on week end jaunts and who get off the train rumpled and wrinkled are object lessons that make the few discerning ones consider carefully their preparations and buy their vacation clothes with greater judgment.

A Bandanna Waist.

An imitation bandanna waist is the novelty sketched here. The material is red and white spotted percale, trim-



OF RED AND WHITE PERCALE.

med with a printed band of red and blue on a white ground. The plain narrow bands are of dark blue. The closing is made by small pearl buttons

The Vogue of the Trimmed Skirt. Now that it is the fashion to trim the bottom of the skirt with one deep fold every woman seems to be adopting it whether it is becoming or not. Decidedly it is not when the wearer is short or unduly stout, as it cuts the height, the wearer's height apparently ending where the fold begins. If, however, she will slash the deep fold in several places and round off every corner she will be able to wear this up to date style most successfully.

Only a small detail, but a most important one.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

On the Stand.

Attorney For the Defense (to witness)—You say that on the night of the attempted murder the moon shone so brightly that you could plainly see the burglars in the room. Was your husband awake at the time?

Witness—I don't know.

Attorney—Was his face turned toward you or not?

Witness—I don't know.

Attorney—What! You don't know whether his face was turned to you or toward the wall?

Witness—No.

Attorney—Your honor and gentlemen of the jury, you hear what this witness says. She has declared the prisoners to be the burglars who were in the room and yet she is unable to state in what position her husband was lying in bed. Well (to the witness) how is it you don't know?

Witness—I could not see.

Attorney—Ha, ha! Just what I thought. You could not see. You were so positive in your recognition of the accused and yet could not see which way your husband's face was turned. Explain that if you can.

Witness—Certainly, sir. My husband is so bald that in a dim light I am unable to distinguish his face from the back of his head.—Harper's Weekly.

Baseball Critic.

Huggins—What has become of Fanning?

Muggins—Oh, he's laid up, a victim of baseball.

Huggins—I didn't know he ever played the game.

Muggins—He doesn't. He sprained his larynx telling the umpire how things ought to be done.—Chicago News.

Just Her Luck.



Dora—Did you ever see a man you really thought worth marrying?

Cori—Lots of them, but some other girl had always seen them first. They were all married.—Philadelphia Press.

Willing to Oblige.

"Could I paint your old cow?" ventured the city artist.

"Certainly, stranger," laughed the old farmer as he mopped his brow with a handkerchief. "Paint her green and she will look so much like the grass the tramps can't see her and milk her on the sly."—Pittsburg Post.

Some of Each.

"Somebody told him that he mustn't drink ice water during the hot weather, and somebody else told him that he must let alcoholic beverages alone. You know how very obstinate he is."

"Yes."

"Well, he mixes the two."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Heavy Roll.

Reggy Sapp—I can feel that I am surrounded by thought waves from my own head.

Miss Tabasco—Thought waves! Gracious! Now I know why you look so pale—you are seasick.—Houston Post.

Her Last Chance, Maybe.

"That leap year wedding was a very interesting affair, I hear. Who gave the bridegroom away?"

"I think about everybody who knew him, but the bride took him all the same."—Baltimore American.

Danger In It.

"Did you see where a man found sight through an attack of hysterics?"

"For heaven's sake, don't mention that before my wife, for she wants another 'Merry Widow' and I can't see it."—Baltimore American.

Proofs.

"What we want is to keep striving for greater, higher things," said the idealist.

"Well," answered the architect, "aren't we? Look at our skyscrapers."—Washington Star.

Sharpens Wit.

Mrs. Skimmer—I have the wittiest lot of boarders you ever saw.

Mrs. Hasher—I don't doubt it. There is nothing like hunger for sharpening the wits, you know.—Detroit Tribune.

When I Get Into Bed.

I'm never frightened in the dark, though I am very small;

I never sit all scared and hark for ogres in the hall.

But when my prayers are said I have one awful dread—

That something waits to grab my toes When I get into bed!

I try to think of pleasant things Each time I get undressed

And how each day no evil brings If children do their best,

But the thought comes in my head As I'm turning down the spread

That something's going to grab my toes When I climb into bed!

And when there's nothing more to do, With bedclothes open wide,

It makes me shiver through and through

A-trying to decide Which foot shall go ahead,

'Cause I'm sure I'd tumble dead If something ever grabbed my toes

As I got into bed!—Burgess Johnson in Harper's Magazine.

THE CITY OF CROWDS.

"Surging Throngs, Like Beetles By Night, Like Ants by Day."

A man stood at the V point of the Flatiron building one day at noon. With a piece of chalk he leaned over and made little crosses on the sidewalk. Two clerks out for a noonday cigarette stopped and watched him. In two minutes there were fifteen people in his audience. He continued to make crosses. At the end of fifteen minutes over 1,000 people blocked the street car tracks and the pavements. The police fought their way in and cleared the crowd—and the man had won his bet. He had gathered a crowd of 1,000 in less than 1,000 seconds.

You can always gather a crowd in New York. It is the city of crowds, eager, lumped masses which move by the thousands and tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands, helter skelter, from the office to the baseball game, from the baseball game to dinner, from dinner to the theater and home again.

Always it surges en masse to work and to play, each man afraid to be alone, each scurrying to keep up with the other, to be near the other, inquisitive, sullen, weary, festive, but always together, in a crowd, a big crowd, the biggest crowd possible!

Four million little black dots cover a little island. A half million other little black dots swarm with each early sun on to that island to add their numbers, to be sucked into tall buildings, to boil and bubble in ditchlike streets. When the sun leaves out come the millions of dots to crowd and tumble and jam their way into little narrow cars, to be carried and dumped, hither and yon, in wriggling black masses, always in masses—homeward! To swarm and boil under the next sun, and the next, and the next, busy, bobbing, anxious, restless, needless black millions of little dots!

Three hundred thousand persons tossing themselves daily into the vast human vortex that seethes to and fro across Brooklyn bridge; a million plunging into the subways every twenty-four hours—the thing is epic, bewildering in its immensity.

Like beetles at night, like ants in the daytime, but never like men, actual men, do they seem! Bits of bundled flesh sucking in oxygen, exhaling carbonic gas, but never human beings with a spirit and a brain!

Too much endowment with a quality destroys that quality. This throng is built of so mighty and so numberless a humanity that it loses all its human quality; it is inhuman. It is so grand that it is a plaything. It is so serious that it is a jest.—Broadway Magazine.

One of Judge Grosscup's Distinctions. Judge Peter Grosscup is never referred to as "the junior partner of the junior partner of Abraham Lincoln." Although the judge is only fifty-six years old, it is a fact that he enjoys this distinction.

For years he was the junior partner of Leonard Swett of Chicago. Grosscup was a mere boy then and Swett was in the sere and yellow. The old sign of "Swett & Lincoln" is, I believe, in possession of the Chicago Historical society.

Judge Grosscup himself never mentions this. I have often wondered if the experience of Roscoe Conkling's father has anything to do with this reticence.

Judge Conkling used to say with real bitterness, "I was once Judge Conkling, but now, heaven help me, I am only Roscoe Conkling's father."—Beau Broadway in New York Telegraph.

Welbeck Abbey.

The mysterious subterranean galleries of Welbeck abbey, built by the eccentric fifth Duke of Portland and so widely advertised in the Druce case, have been thrown open to the curious public. Having been confirmed in his title and estates by the collapse of the litigation instituted by the Druce claimant, the present duke is so overjoyed that he yielded to the general desire by ordering that visitors be admitted to the pleasure grounds, riding school and underground rooms at Welbeck, except on Sundays or when the family is in residence at the abbey.

London's Last Private Garden.

It is sad to hear that the last of the private gardens in the city of London is coming to an end. No. 4 Crosby square, with its beautiful old staircase and pleasant rooms, is to be pulled down. Ripe figs were gathered in the summer of 1893 from the fig tree on the wall, and other trees grew near the fountain in the middle of the garden. An 1850 edition of Murray's "London" states the present houses in Crosby square were built in 1677. This was the year in which the Lady Mary was married to William of Orange.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Two Headed Terapin.

Any one who wishes to see a real live side show freak should go to the zoological gardens and visit the reptile house. A two headed "monster" reposes within, and it is neither stuffed nor faked. It arrived in a consignment of spotted terapin. The freak is one inch and a half in diameter and just twice as greedy a baby turtle as its brothers and sisters, for it eats voraciously with both its heads at the same time.—Philadelphia Record.

Extremes of Fashion.

After all, the most disquieting thing to contemplate in connection with the revived directoire craze is the violent reaction which sooner or later is bound to follow it. Those who can recall the "beiskin" mania of the seventies will remember, of course, that it simply represented an exaggerated phase of the revolt against the previous supremacy of the crinoline.—London World.

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Boston Carpenter Overlooked Davy
Crockett's Immortal Advice.

An old bachelor, who lives in the suburbs of a southern city, hires a negro to clean up his room, fill the lamp and perform like services. A few days ago the colored domestic, who had been using his employer's blacking, said: "Boss, our blackin' am done out." "What do you mean by saying 'our blacking'?" growled the sordid employer, "everything belongs to me. I want you to understand that nothing belongs to you." The terrified darkey apologized and promised to remember. On the following Sunday the bachelor happened to meet the colored menial, accompanied by a chocolate-colored woman pushing a baby carriage. "Was that your baby in that carriage?" he asked the next day at his home when he was entertaining quite a number of his friends. "No boss, dat's not our chile; dat's your chile. I'se neber gwine to say nuffin belongs to me no moah."

Apropos of the fat man who built his wife a table in the cellar too big to go through the door, a reader declares that he knows of a man who did very much the same trick. The man in question, a Boston carpenter, was having a dull season, and as spring was coming on he decided to build himself a boat for use in historic Boston bay. After due consideration the carpenter decided to use his own cellar as a workshop, as he had plenty of room and all materials were handy. He did not once think of getting the boat out until after weeks of hard work he had finished a fine 18-foot vessel. Of course it would not go through a mere door, and as there was no double door entrance the carpenter was up against it. He was determined to have his boat, though, and he tore out the entire end of his house to get it out of his cellar. He got his boat, and also had more hard work to do in his dull season, for it was several weeks before he finished repairing the house.

Queer Breed of Chickens.

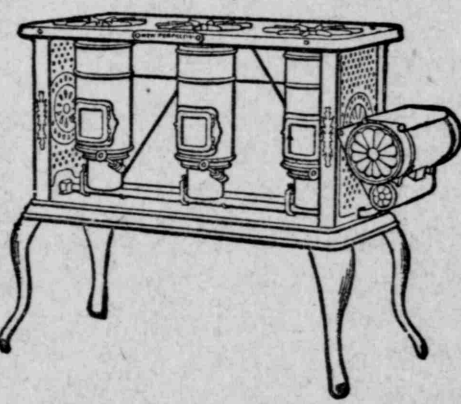
"It does me good," said the girl who has just returned, "to get back to a country where they serve a whole chicken." You know then where you are at. At my pension in Paris they had chicken for Sunday dinner. That is, they called it chicken, but a lot of us were of the opinion that it was a giant centipede. Every Sunday while I was there they put a leg in each plate when the chicken course came around. There were 13 of us. Did you ever see a chicken with 13 legs?"

Would Rather Remain Vacant.

A little girl, aged four, whose father had houses for rent, heard some ladies who were calling on her mamma talking about an acquaintance who had made an unfortunate marriage. During a momentary pause in their conversation, the little lady said: "If I had been that lady who married that bad man, I should wish I had remained vacant."—Illustrated Magazine.

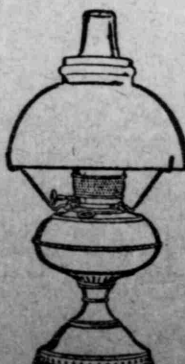
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NEW PERFECTION Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

is so constructed that it cannot add perceptibly to the heat of a room; the flame being directed up a retaining chimney to the stove top where it is needed for cooking. You can see that a stove sending out heat in but one direction would be preferable on a hot day to a stove radiating heat in all directions. The "New Perfection" keeps a kitchen uniformly comfortable. Three sizes, fully warranted. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.



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